

## JESSE LIVERMORE COMES BACK WITH ANOTHER MILLION

Plunger Who Went Through Bankruptcy Tells How He Got New Start.

PAID ALL OLD DEBTS.

Said to Have Cleaned Up \$3,500,000 in Ventures in "Business Speculation."

Jesse L. Livermore has come back. Nine years ago Livermore "cornered" the New York cotton market. He amassed a fortune of several millions, and the papers teemed with stories of his palatial country estate, his \$300,000 steam yacht and his wife's million dollar jewels.

Then came the crash and two years ago this Wall Street plunger went into bankruptcy. When the proceedings were over his liabilities amounted to \$1,100,000, according to report, while Livermore himself to-day said the figure was \$2,000,000.

To-day in the office of Harriman & Company at No. 111 Broadway, Livermore told an Evening World reporter how he "came back," and gave his views on the stock market.

According to his own statement, Livermore is a philosopher and a psychologist. He has ceased to be a gambler in the market, but is what he terms a "business speculator." He refused to say whether the rumor that he had recently made \$3,500,000 was technically true or not, but he did say:

"I must have made a very large amount for I have paid in full for my mistakes of the past, and they cost me \$2,000,000. I went into bankruptcy to get a chance to get on my feet again. If I had not done so, I would have to have made a million a day to have gotten anywhere. So, when I finally came back I paid all my creditors in full although I was not legally liable for the debts, as I had been discharged from bankruptcy."

"I did not make this new fortune as I made my former one. It was not a case of gambling all on one turn. I made this fortune on several issues—cotton, grain and 'war bonds'."

"This Wall Street game is a psychological one. The first requisite to success is confidence in one's self. I never lost my nerve."

"Usually a man buys and then, when the stock goes up a few points, he is fearful that they will go down again and he will lose the little he has made. That is the wrong time to fear. He should know that the very fact that the stock has gone up proves he is right and he should hold on. But, he sells through fear."

"Another thing that causes failure is that men set a limit on what they expect to make. Don't buy saying you will make \$5,000 on this stock. You may and you may not. Buy and if the issue goes up have patience. Don't try to scalp the market. It doesn't pay. Buy one share. Don't pyramid, for by doing that you wipe out your profit percentage. Apply just the same principle to the market that you would to a business. Go on your own judgment."

Asked what he thought of the peace "leak" investigation, Mr. Livermore replied:

"I don't believe much will come of it. Every Presidential message, every peace note gets to the street in forecast form before it is given out. You can't help that. Lawson's attack was a big piece of bluff."

## For Love of Husband on the Firing Line Brave Frenchwoman Flouts Laws of War To Snatch a Few Hours of Happiness



**Mme. Pujet Is Glad, Now, She Took Desperate Chance of Being Shot for a Khaki-Clad Spy, Braved Death by German Shells and Dared Life Among Rough Soldiers Ignorant of Her Sex, for Two Weeks After She Left Him Andre Pujet Was Killed.**

**Marguerite Mooers Marshall.**

"I was horribly afraid," Mme. Simone Pujet told me with the simplicity of conviction. "Every time the guns roared I put my head down, 'way down, between my shoulders—like this—and shivered and said to myself, 'Now, this time I am going to be hit.' Oh, it is an awful feeling! But I never thought of going back. My husband wanted me. I wanted him. And so I got through."

Mme. Pujet is the slender, brown-eyed, beautiful young Frenchwoman who deliberately invited death from the Germans, French, British and Belgians by flouting every man-made law of war and going secretly and in disguise to visit in the trenches her husband, Andre Pujet. Fifteen days after she said goodbye to him he was killed in a bayonet charge. Before the war she wrote essays and plays and her husband was also a writer. Now she is in America to tell of him and of the other brilliant young French authors and artists the war has devoured at the Theatre Francaise des Etats-Unis, where she gives her first lecture a week from today.

"And I shall not but myself into it," she assured me in indignant if not quite intact idiom, when I talked with her at the Ritz-Carlton yesterday afternoon. "I do not belong with



MME SIMONE A. PUJET AND HER DOG FELUCHE.

those brave ones. Why does any one want to hear what I did? It was a very simple thing."

**THE SIMPLE STORY OF A BRAVE LITERARY WOMAN.**

But about that you must form your own opinion after you have heard Mme. Pujet's story, the splendid, unreasonable story of a love that found its triumphant realization unshaken by fear, discomfort and probable disgrace or death.

"A year ago last May," she said, "I received a mysterious letter. I was in Paris, resting after driving an ambulance for months. At the very beginning of the war my husband enlisted as a private, although his father is one of the highest Magistrates in France and Andre could have obtained any commission he wanted."

"I knew that he was wounded in the head, but that they did not go to his aid. I wished to see my grandfather, but they were too busy to bother with such little things. They simply said that I could not see him and that I must go back."

"I was frantic. I did not know what to do. Then I saw in the street an English officer whom my husband and I had known in India. I rushed up to him, calling him by name. At first he did not know me, for, remember, I was the Belgian peasant dress and was unrecognizable."

"Soon, however, he recognized me and I told him the whole story, and that I must get to my husband. He knew all about me, you understand, and that I was a perfectly safe person. So he told me, 'You can go, but you must go in khaki.'"

"All right," I answered, "I am willing." He gave me the uniform of a Tommy, telling me to rip out the identifying number stitched in the collar. He said that he was sending a little town across the Belgian frontier where I could take a munitions train the rest of the way. Then with my things I slipped off. "Did I carry luggage?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh, yes," she replied composedly. "A basket of sweets for my husband, a basket containing a few clothes and a bag. With me also was Feluche, my little dog. I took him because I thought he would make me seem more innocent, less a business-like spy, if I were discovered."

**AN EMBARRASSING HALF HOUR AMONG THE SOLDIERS.**

"I left my khaki suit in one of the gun wagons, changing in the darkness to the Belgian peasant costume. I was with the artillery company five hours and in the train the rest of the night. I hid there until morning when I had to come out because I was so hungry. The train was full of Belgian soldiers who had been at the front eleven months and had not seen a woman in all that time. When I appeared and asked for breakfast—well, for half an hour it was most unpleasant," Mme. Pujet admitted frankly. "If my dog had not been with me—but I am not going to talk about that. Eleven months of straight fighting is enough to turn men into animals. And I was not actually mortified."

"After leaving the train I had to walk five hours in mud that came over my knees. I do not know how I ever did it. But finally I reached the farm from which I had had the letter."

"I found that my husband was stationed in a rest trench a mile away. I sent a little boy to him with a note. The farmer and his wife let me stay in their barn; I slept on a straw mattress on the floor. For ten days I stayed there. My husband could not come every day; only when he could persuade or bribe a comrade to answer for him at roll-call. There was



MME SIMONE A. PUJET AND HER DOG FELUCHE.

nothing for him to do, you understand, since he had been sent back from the firing line to rest and take care of his wounds. But he did not dare let his officers know of my presence."

"Sometimes he could stay with me several hours, sometimes one hour. He used to bring me supplies that I had sent him from Paris weeks before, and cakes that I had brought for him. I had nothing else to eat except coffee and milk. The country was stripped bare; there was not even bread."

"Of course I was under fire all the time. The village near had been destroyed by shells, and one struck the house attached to the barn in which I lived. But you soon got used to the sound of guns."

"Then my husband was ordered back to the firing line. There was a reason for staying any longer. Quite openly—I did not care what happened now—I bought an old horse and drove toward France. I was arrested at the frontier. I told them I had done nothing, but at first I would not tell who I was. Then I thought that they could not punish my husband, since he was on the firing line, and I gave the name of my father-in-law. He telegraphed, answering for me, and I was released after being shut up twelve hours in a cell. I went back to Paris and was in for three months."

"But I am not sorry," Mme. Pujet finished, with tight-lipped composure. "It was worth everything. I shall never be sorry. Fifteen days after I left him they told me my husband was dead."

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## CONFESSIONS LINK GRAFT CASHIER AND CHICAGO'S CHIEF

Head of "Pay Off" Office Frequently Visited Healy—Hotel Man Arrested.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Investigation of the alleged police graft "ring" led to the arrest to-day of Thomas Newbold, wealthy hotel and cafe owner. MacLay Hoyne, State's Attorney, refused to make public the reason for Newbold's detention, but pointed out that several of the hotels controlled by Newbold have been the scene of police raids.

Newbold was taken into custody shortly after Mr. Hoyne announced that Thomas Costello and Lieut. Augustus M. White, both under arrest, had confessed, directly connecting Charles C. Healey, Chief of Police, with the system which he charged levied tribute on the underworld.

Mr. Hoyne asserted that Lieut. White, who recently has commanded the Lake Street police precinct, implicated Costello, alleged to be the connecting link between the police and hundreds of vicious resorts, and that Costello in turn involved Chief Healey in his confession.

While the State's Attorney withheld the details of the two confessions, he charged that he had learned that for at least six months Costello had visited Chief Healey's home on an average of three times weekly and that on one occasion he was accompanied by Michael Heiter, a police character known as "Mike de Pike" now under arrest in connection with the investigation.

He charged also that Costello held daily telephone conversations with the police head and that Chief Healey had visited the alleged graft "pay off" office said to have been maintained by Costello.

Hoyne announced that the manipulations of the corruption "ring" were wider than was at first indicated. In addition to numbers of policemen, ranking in rank from patrolmen to captains, he charged several persons outside police circles are involved.

"I haven't even scratched the surface of the graft ring," Mr. Hoyne said to-day. "The inquiry is still in its infancy. It will take several weeks to get to the bottom of the ring's operations."

To-morrow will be Healey's last day as Chief of Police.

**JUDGE LYNCH'S MOTHER IN CONTEMPT OF COURT**

For Second Time She Fails to Appear in \$10,000 Case Against Her and Son.

Mrs. Hannah Lynch, aged mother of ex-City Court Judge Richard T. Lynch, was to-day adjudged guilty of contempt by Justice Greenbaum for failing to obey an order directing her to submit to supplementary proceedings. Whether the Court will deny her the amount of a judgment against her and fix jail as an alternative, is not known.

The case is an echo of one of the many judgments filed against her son since before and after he resigned from the City Court to "go West" as an attorney for a railroad receiver.

The judgment against Mrs. Lynch is also against her son and Mrs. Alice Lynch. The country was stripped bare; there was not even bread.

"Of course I was under fire all the time. The village near had been destroyed by shells, and one struck the house attached to the barn in which I lived. But you soon got used to the sound of guns."

"Then my husband was ordered back to the firing line. There was a reason for staying any longer. Quite openly—I did not care what happened now—I bought an old horse and drove toward France. I was arrested at the frontier. I told them I had done nothing, but at first I would not tell who I was. Then I thought that they could not punish my husband, since he was on the firing line, and I gave the name of my father-in-law. He telegraphed, answering for me, and I was released after being shut up twelve hours in a cell. I went back to Paris and was in for three months."

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## AT THE AUTO SHOW

"Until Mr. Woolworth Gets Out a Car With a Nickel Finish Most of the Voting in the United States Will Be Done by Pedestrians"—"Modern Boulevard Boat Has Night Elevator Service, Revolving Doors, Spacious Bathrooms, Spiral Stairways, Janitors, Hallboys, Steam Heat and a View of the Hudson."

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer.

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It's easy enough to select a motor car, but it's a trifle tougher to select the money. It's impossible to ride on a walking income. Still, there is no law to prevent you from stepping around in the automobile bazaar looking as if you were about to purchase a motor. Looking as if you were going to buy an auto is an economical way of spending the winter. An automobile bazaar doesn't seem to differ vastly from any other old bazaar. You bazaar to and fro and you bazaar hither and thither, displaying all the symptoms of a proud purchaser. Then you get a slant at the price, which acts as an anti-toxin and you suddenly become conversant. Thereupon, you throw your ankle gears into high and gyrate around bazaaring again. There are a thousand kinds of cars, but only one kind of money.



THINKING OF BUYING A CAR?

There are all kinds of improvements in automobiles, but there doesn't seem to be any in pedestrians. There are no more cylinders in shoes this year than there were last year. Still, the foot passengers manage to keep one jump ahead of the latest thing in autos. Self-preservation is again an important rule for 1917. And being an ankle excursionist isn't without its advantages. You don't have to buy a chauffeur's license to operate a pair of shoes in New York and environs. And until Mr. Woolworth gets out a car with a nickel finish, most of the voting in the United States will be done by folks who find their toes very useful in getting somewhere.

The person with enough of the new artistic dimes to buy a motor car can purchase one to match his complexion, character and previous condition of servitude. He can get one of those form fitting flivvers that fit very tightly across the elbows or one of those voluminous limousines that hang very loosely across the shoulders, with lots of room in the back to wave your ears in. There doesn't seem to have been any possible improvement overlooked by the designers of the wheeled yachts. The 1917 land sloops have everything in 'em from mail chutes to dumbwaiters. The modern boulevard boat is equipped with night elevator service, revolving doors, spacious bathrooms, spiral stairways, janitors, hall-boys, steam heat and a splendid view of the Hudson from the conservatory windows.

If the birds who cut out the patterns for automobiles keep their health a few seasons longer you will soon be renting a seven-room automobile apartment, provided that you will sign a year's lease and have no dogs, children or other animals. And the landlord would have a fine time gasoline held out. The only disadvantage would be that it is such a long walk to answer the doorbell. And when you wanted the garbage removed or the goldfish polished the janitor would be sure to be playing pinocchio in the basement of the car. And if you came home to your car late, the elevator boy would be asleep and you would have to walk up.

About next season, we will be reading of some disappointed autoist jumping out of the fourth floor of his auto and busting himself up into a jig-saw puzzle on the crash beneath.

At the gut they are going now, nothing is impossible in the automobile industry except the prices they ask.

Upholstering is very important in the high-priced cars. And after you buy one all the upholstery is gone from your pocketbook.

After listening to an automobile salesman's chatter for an hour you don't know whether you are a client or a patient.

You can buy a nice car for about a hundred iron men. Of course, the ones with engines in cost more.

A car that is sure to make an appeal with the public is a taxicab exhibited on the mezzanine floor. It has no taximeter in it.

The most stylish color for autos is invisible gray, the only trouble being that the salesmen demand a visible green in exchange.

It is the style among the hilariously wealthy set to buy a limousine for each foot.

Until the high cost of flivving is revised southward, most of us will continue to use Mr. Shonts's underground taxis.

In order to make the average New Yorker feel more at home, the higher priced cars are equipped with comical two-inch aisles, iron seats, a stupid conductor, 627 straps and no place to put your elbows.

It is the custom among the rich to decorate their cabriolets with flowers. For some of the cars we see limping around Flatbush century plants would be exceedingly appropriate.

Expert chauffeurs don't care if their engine misses a cylinder once in a while so long as it doesn't miss a pedestrian.

The tendency in automobiles is to have a ten-cent chassis with a thousand-dollar set of wheels.

Most of the companies furnish a good lawyer to anybody buying one of their cars.

It is presumed that the large cities will require all tenement automobiles to be equipped with adequate fire-escapes.

Desk room in a large, modern office automobile can be secured at a very moderate price.

You must get the best of whisky if you don't want whisky to get the best of you—

**SANDY MACDONALD**

10 years old, is the grandest Scots Whisky ever brought over for the best American trade.

At all good bars and family stores  
**"SANDY MAC"**

## BUTTER IS LOWER, BUT FOODSTUFFS IN GENERAL JUMP

Rise of From 3 to 5 Cents in Necessities in Last Ten Days.

Butter, long delayed in transit from the farms, is coming into the city at the rate of 125,000 pounds a day, and the housewives may expect a reduction in the retail price of that commodity within forty-eight hours. If it is not down 2 cents before the end of the week she should ask why, according to those who have been studying the produce market.

The receipts of butter got so large to-day that the wholesale market price, which dropped yesterday, was expected to drop still more before the close of the produce exchanges.

Butter and egg dealers said the delayed shipments were almost too big for the local markets to assimilate from day to day.

Harry Dowie, President of the Butter and Egg Exchange, frankly admitted to-day that the butter receipts were extraordinary.

"Unusual," said Mr. Dowie, "and prices ought to go down. But the high cost of living will keep up until the war is over. I see no hope for any slump in other lines. The only reason butter will go down is on account of these delayed shipments coming in in great quantities."

In a tour of the city markets yesterday and to-day The Evening World discovered that the price of foodstuffs has jumped from 3 to 5 cents in the last ten days—and the indications are that they will continue to go up.

Here are some of the noteworthy retail jumps of the last two weeks:

Lamb, one cent and a half a pound. Mutton, one cent a pound. Pork, half cent a pound. Veal, one cent a pound. Beef, one cent and a half a pound. Potatoes, three cents a quart. Cabbage, two and three cents on the head.

Onions, a cent and a half a pound. Eggs, two cents and a half a dozen. Two weeks ago potatoes cost the consumer at 12 cents a quart, or about a cent apiece. To-day the housewife is paying 15 cents, and she says she's lucky if there are eight to a "quart." Onions are 7 cents a pound, and a small head of cabbage commands 18 cents. The wholesale market reports of yesterday showed a slight increase in all the commodities quoted above.

Apples are quoted at 55 and 60 a barrel; potatoes at \$5.75 and \$6 for 100-pound bags, and onions at \$5 for 100-pound bags. Fresh eggs are \$1 and 53 cents a dozen. In the neighborhood stores the storage variety are commanding the same price retail, and the fresh eggs are proportionately higher.

Have You Tried Evans' Ale

DRAWN DIRECT FROM THE WOOD

On Tap at Restaurants, Hotels, Saloons, Oyster & Chop Houses

Thursday's Clean-Up

Suit Reductions—The Climax Reached!

Rich Selections \$25.00, \$35.00 & \$40.00 Suits, \$16.50

This is the greatest Suit "Clean-Up Sale" you have ever attended!

\$40 Broadcloth Suits, \$16.50

\$35 Wool Poplin Suits, \$16.50

\$25 Velvet Suits, \$16.50

\$30 Gabardine Suits, \$16.50

\$35 Wool Velour Suits, \$16.50

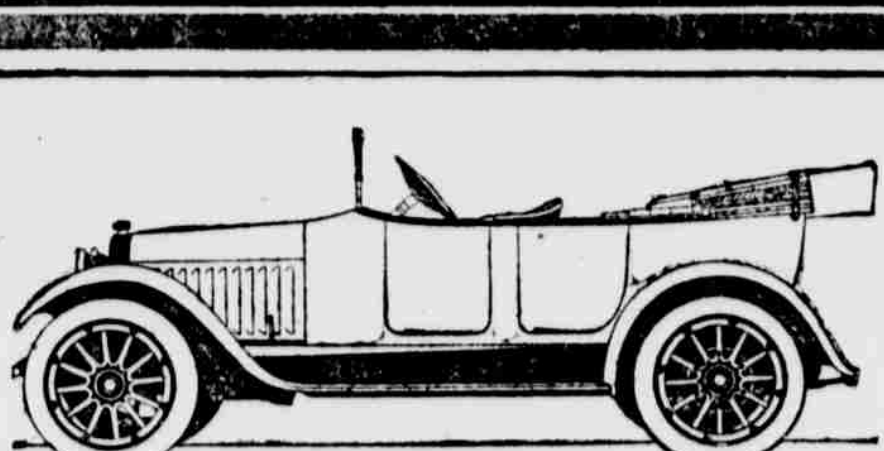
All of the very newest long-coat styles, tailored as beautifully as suits at the original prices could possibly be! Some fur-trimmed—many others fashionably plain tailored. The richest assortment you have ever selected from at such a clean-up price.

No Charge for Alterations

At the Four Bedell Fashion Shops

Nineteen West 34th Street

Brooklyn: 460-462 Fulton St. Downtown: 14-16 W. 14th St. Newark: Broad & Park Sts.



Last chance for the 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers at the old price, \$1090. Roadster at \$1070, March 1 the price on each becomes \$1250. Visit the Chalmers exhibit at the Automobile Show.

Present Prices:  
Two-passenger Roadster • • • \$1070  
Five " " Touring Car • • • 1090  
Seven " " Sedan • • • 1250  
(All f.o.b. Detroit)

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